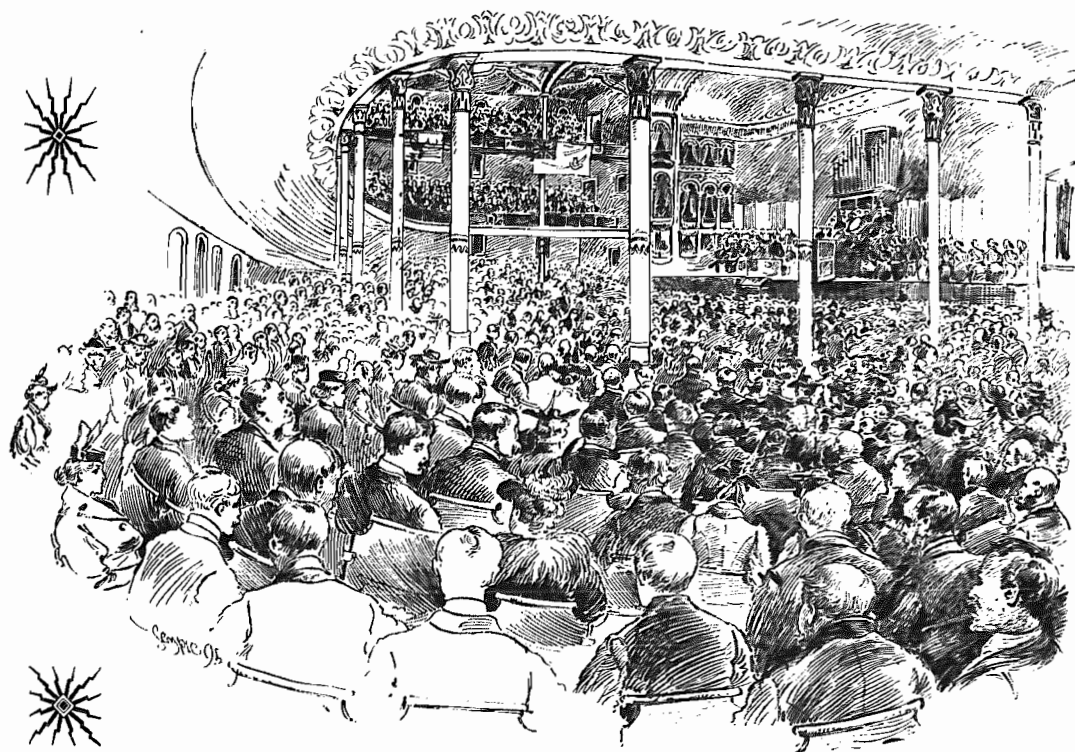


WAR CRY



VOL. XI. No. 21. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, FEB. 23, 1895. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE GENERAL IN TORONTO!



MASSEY MUSIC HALL, AS IT APPEARED IN THE GENERAL'S CAMPAIGN.

Six Days of Glorious Salvation Triumph—His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick Presides at the Reception in Massey Hall.

Alderman Shaw, in the Unavoidable Absence of Mayor Kennedy, Presents the Civic Welcome to the City—Dr. Potts, of Victoria University, Declares the Army to be the Greatest Social Force in the World—W. F. Maclean, M.P., Admires the Army for Building up British Character.

500 Students of Toronto's Universities Listen with Rapt Attention to the General

The General Applauded by Toronto Out-of-Works at a Free Dinner Given in the Temple.

Sunday in the Massey Hall—The Canadian Temperance League came *En Masse*—A Day Unparalleled—The General Inspired—Marvellous Manifestations of Holy Ghost Power—Vast Audiences Moved—Over 50 Seekers at the Penitent-Form.

The Ministers of Toronto Heartily Applaud the General's Address at the Association's Meeting—Rev. Dr. Galbraith Delivers a Powerful, Enthusiastic and Cordial Reply.

"CHRISTIANITY ON FIRE," THE GENERAL'S SUBJECT AT THE TEMPLE TWICE ON MONDAY.

Wonderful Farewell at Massey Hall—"Salvation Army Social Work" as Expounded by the General, Vociferously Applauded—Sir Oliver Mowat, Ontario's Premier, President of the Meeting, and Heartily Cheered.

The Reception!

THE GENERAL

CONQUERS A "COLD SNAP."

The Massey Music Hall Resounds With Welcomes!

Lieut.-Gov. Kirkpatrick

SAYS OUR NODDLE LEADER'S NAME WILL BE SENT "THUNDERING DOWN THE AGES OF HISTORY RADIANT WITH GLORY AND BRIGHT WITH FAME."

Alderman Shaw

AGREES THAT THE ARMY IS NEEDED IN TORONTO.

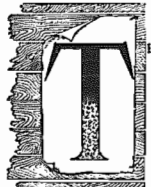
"A Benefit to all Except the Liquor Traffic."—Dr. Forts.

M. P. Maclean

GREETHS HIM BECAUSE HE HAS HELPED TO BUILD UP BRITISH CHARACTER.

Brilliant Response from the General,

WHO THINKS THE ARMY IS MORE LIKELY TO SUCCEED IN CANADA TO-DAY THAN EVER BEFORE.



WHAT WAS it amounted to—a battle royal between the weather and the reputation and attraction of the General of the greatest religious Army the world has ever known. On the General's side were ranged a vast amount of curiosity, interest, respect, enthusiasm, and love. The weather king battalions of frost—21 below zero, had been registered a few hours before—a skinning wind and a mischievous snowfall. In vain the wheels of the tram-cars obeyed the electric current, and whirled round; the rails were ungraspable, and with moanings and growlings, the would-be passengers had to trust to their natural powers of locomotion. A journey of five or six miles under such conditions, with a homeward journey to follow—ugh!!!

BUT OUR GENERAL conquered. He always does, and that's why we love to follow him. (Fire a volley.) We shouldn't have respected Toronto quite as much as we do, or had it, either. An Englishman expects the Queen City to be a practical exponent of her title; and with a record in the Dominion and the United States such as illumines the pages of the past five months, why, your correspondent would have blushed to have come down from his "high horse" over Toronto's first appearance before the General!

"A-M-B-N-I!" Loud rang the benediction; prolonged was the cheer; high waved the handkerchiefs; blantly brayed the trumpets; thunder-clap-like boomed the drum!

The General and Toronto were Introduced.

The Commandant looked proud; the General sweetly pleased; the platform filled with officers and soldiers, joyful even to stare; the large audience, friendly and expectant.

The platform front was adorned with the representatives of religion, learning, philanthropy, the legislature, and authority. His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, was the



HIS HON. LIEUT.-GOV. KIRKPATRICK, President of the Reception Meeting, in Massey Hall chairman; and to the right and left of him were Rev. Dr. Wilton, Inspector Archibald, Rev. Dr. Potts, J. J. MacLaren, Q. C.; Alderman Shaw, Commissioner Contsworth, W. F. Maclean, M. P., Ministers of various denominations, and others.

THE BEAUTIFUL MASSEY Music Hall was a fitting receptacle for such an occasion. Its charms have not been overdrawn. Lightness, loftiness, and compactness are leading characteristics. It is said that as many as

from among his kinsfolk and acquaintances, and to go, he knew not whither, till he found a footing in the overcrowded and vilest portion of the greatest city of the world, where he and his devoted wife labored for many years among the worst and most degraded; or the genius, ability, and broad philanthropy which has drawn him out to circle the world with the Salvation Army—his recommendation to the admiration of his fellow men has been established. (Volleys and applause.)

One of General Booth's

chief claims to distinction, in my estimation, and which will send his name thundering down the ages of futurity, radiant with glory and bright with fame, is the authorship of *Darkest England*; and the great scheme evolved in the book for uplifting his fallen, starving fellow-men. (Cheers.) He is travelling round the world to-day to try and complete the great work, to which the love of humanity has prompted him; and he will receive for that work a hearty welcome from the people of Canada and the citizens of Toronto. (Outburst of applause.)

"Any man who thinks the General occupies a place of ease is very much mistaken. (Laughter and hear, hear.) He has found out the truth of the saying, 'Though thou be as chaste as ice, and as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.' Writers,



DR. J. J. McLAREN.

he has given in that book of his, you will see something there that will not only astonish you, but make you believe, as I believe, that he is deserving of our warmest sympathy and support." (Volleys.)

IN THE REGRETTABLE absence of His Worship Mayor Kennedy, through illness, Alderman Shaw brilliantly discharged the function of presenting

The City's Welcome Wishes.

"Toronto," said the alderman, "delights to honor distinguished visitors; and I have always had a very strong feeling of sympathy with the Salvation Army. ('God bless you,' volleys and cheers.) Its unselfish devotion to the cause of suffering humanity must always command the respect of every person who has any love for his fellows; and while in our city we may not be confronted with the degradation, the misery, the vice, the poverty and the suffering which we find elsewhere, and which the Army has done so much to mitigate, still, THERE IS NEED for the Salvation Army in Toronto. (Hear, hear.) Its presence has been a blessing to many. I myself know of homes that have been made cleaner. (A voice—'So do I!') and purer and brighter in consequence of its labors here. God bless the Army for all the good it has done in this city and elsewhere!" (Heartiest volleys.)

A Flash and a Crash

And the General was standing at the rail, looking, as he so often confuses to feeling, a little overwhelmed by the warmth and sincerity of his friends, and the affection of his officers and soldiers, so freely lavished upon him. The "flash" was the result of the sudden blazing forth of the splendid central chandelier, which, up to that moment, had been kept unlit, producing an effect altogether startling and gorgeous. The "crash" was one of volleys and cheers.

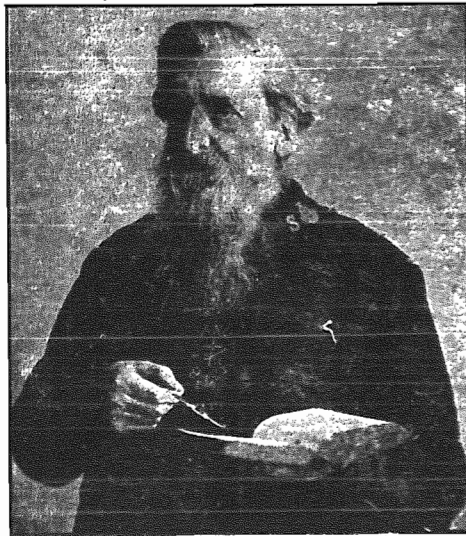
HEART-HOT WORDS followed from our Grand Old Man. His thanks vibrated with humility and tenderness, drawing yet closer to himself the sympathetic interest of the congregation to whom he spoke.

"I will leave the 'daughter' until Tuesday night," he said, and say just a word about the 'mother,' who is, after all, the most important personage. And I cannot speak of the Salvation Army without talking of myself, and so

You Must Take us Both Together.

(Applause and cries of "All right!") Those who admire us not cannot but respect the remarkable results with which God has blessed us," he added, "and the most important personage, only wait till we are like our Presbyterian brethren, 400 years old—"Oh" and laughter.—then you will see what you will see! I often say the 'Army is like a big, bumpy boy—but it never had more power, and life and 'go' in it than it has to-night. (Outburst of volleys.) Its passage lies across 'many a yawning wave,' and devils—and people!—expect to see it sink, but Jesus lives to save it!" (Hallelujahs.)

The General cleared away what may have been a cloud to the minds of some of his hearers, namely, his attitude towards the churches. He said, "I went out from it, not to curse it; I have never cursed it! Not to injure it. I have never injured it. (Cheers.) When my life's story comes to be investigated, I don't think any action of mine can be said to have been calculated to harm any man or damage any soul!" (Cries of "No!" and applause.)



THE GENERAL.

The Central Figure of the Great Toronto Campaign.

6,000 people have been got into it. The coloring—terra-cotta brown, bordered with sunset-blue; the electric illuminants, the two galleries, and all accessories are in harmony, and constitute the whole one of the handsomest and best halls in the world.

The Lieutenant-Governor

is a graceful speaker. He was sure the warmth of the welcome given to the man whose name was a household word to them would be in inverse ratio to the temperature outside! (Cheering.) "Whether we consider the fidelity and zeal with which General Booth worked for his Master in the early days of his youth, or the faith, which caused him to come out



WELCOME!

preachers, public men, scientists, have made unfounded statements about him, but the General has disproved them all. (Cantabile of cheering.)

I do Admire Him

over the great commission about his scheme. He said, 'There are my books! Appoint your own men, and come and examine them.' They did so, and could not find half-a-crown missing! (Tremendous applause.)

"If you will only read the account



ALD. SHAW.

WITH INEXHAUSTIBLE FRESHNESS and humor, the General recounted the Army's career, to the inspiration and delight of the assemblage. "A great many people sneer at my government, but they only wish they had it themselves! It is hard work to get money out of the rich (so which statement a Methodist minister uttered a sonorous "Hear, hear.") Almost the only sort you can make desperate sinners out of are desperate sinners. The Army's principles are those of obedience, and when people cease to observe them, they generally go off to where they can do as they like—which is usually very little!" These are specimens of the "finches" which "adorned the tale and pointed the moral."

A MUCH-APPLAUDED assertion was the statement that during the bitter weather-wave which England was sharing with Canada, the Army was sheltering 5,000 nightly, and feeding 20,000 daily of the starving poor in London alone. "These things," he said, "carry conviction to the hearts of the suffering and hungry whether they carry conviction to the hearts of the Doctors of Divinity or not!"

Comes to Canada

Turning to Canada, the General said, "We have had great difficulties, but I think we are already well round the corner! (Volleys.) There may have been some falling off in numbers in some directions. How can it be otherwise in time of war? The difficulties in proportion have been such as we have not had to encounter. I thank God, in any other part of the world, yet I venture to say, there is more solidarity, more of the elements to make it likely to succeed, in the Salvation Army in Canada to-day, than ever before." (Cheers and volleys.)

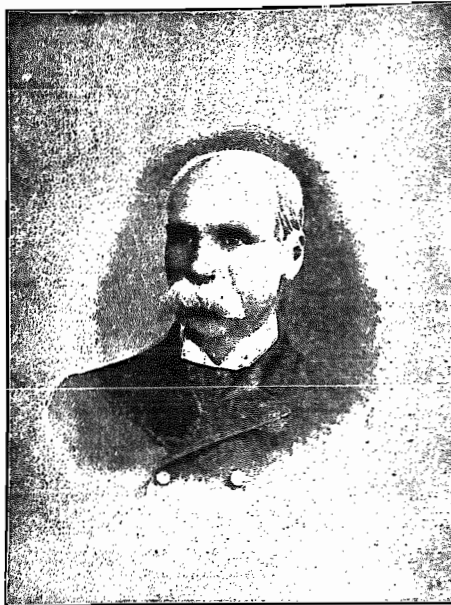


ON THE PLATFORM.

THE GENERAL BEAUTIFULLY concluded his address by a touching personal reference: "It was said by some philanthropic gentleman in the United States, I think, that when I passed away, he would suggest that there be written on my grave-stone 'A lover of the poor.' Sir, when that hour comes, as come it must, I shall not object to the epitaph, for I think it could truthfully be written there, and still more would it meet my approbation if they would add thereto, 'A follower of Jesus Christ, and the enemy of no man' (Volleys and cries of 'God bless you!') May God bless all who are trying to push this battle to the gate." (Renewed outbursts.)

"I REJOICE TO-NIGHT" said Rev. Dr. Potts, (Victoria University) in the marvellous tale General Booth has told us, and I think I can pledge the Christian people of this assembly—ministers and laymen alike—to sympathize more with the Salvation Army than ever before. (Applause.) When I think of the Army's heroic leader, I always couple with him the cleft lady who was his companion and noble worker. (Applause.) This organization has benefited almost everything in the world except the liquor traffic! (Ringing cheers.) It is the greatest temperance advocate and the most powerful social force in the world to-day."

DR. J. J. MACLAREN, before reading an address on behalf of the tem-



WARRINO KENNEDY, MAYOR OF TORONTO.

perance organizations of the city, thanked God for the Army's presence in their city. The address stated, "You will not fail to note the strong sentiment that exists in our land against the drink curse, and the force and the efficacy of the restrictive legislation that has already been secured, and the steady progress that is being made towards total legal prohibition, which we hope to enjoy in the not far-off future. In all this work we cheerfully and cordially acknowledge the help given by the officers and members of the Salvation Army."

These sentiments were emphasised by

Mr. Robertson, President

of the Canadian Temperance League.

Mr. W. F. Maclean, M. P., in moving a resolution conveying the gratitude and good wishes of the meeting to the General, said, as a Canadian and an Englishman, he welcomed him because he had done much to build up and strengthen the greatest of all forces in the world to-day—character. Also because he taught not only the Gospel of Divine Love, but the Gospel of "help" and "work." (Applause.)

"God Needed Such an Organization,"

was Mr. Coatsworth's sentiment. He had made the discovery to-night that God had fulfilled His word in the case

of General Booth. (Amen.) When the Army entered Toronto, the churches, as well as the sinners, were in need of being stirred up. (Applause.) May God cheer the Army on, and may all Christian workers catch their spirit. (Volleys.)

There were more welcomes to be read and spoken; but it was getting late, and the great reception gathering—one in spirit and purpose—was dissolved by the Commandant with a hearty commendation to the God who has so honored and sustained our noble General.

Young Toronto Talked to.

FIVE HUNDRED STUDENTS ASSEMBLED TO HEAR THE GENERAL—HIS ENCOUNTER WITH A GREEK VERB TERMINATED BY THE PENITENT FORM—"DO SOMETHING DESPERATE."

WHETHER HISTORY EVER analyzes it or not, or even acknowledges it, the General's tour of 1894-5 must exert a very real influence upon the immediate future of both the Dominion and the United States. In both countries he has already addressed some thousands of students,



REV. DR. POTTS, OF VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

both young men and women, and it is impossible to suppose that, apart from the Holy Ghost speaking through him, his strong personality has not left permanent impress upon some heart and brain. Bless God, such influence is always and only towards the highest standard of purity and usefulness, so

The More of it the Better.

A day of tremendous pressure was Friday—three long, magnificent, exhausting Officers' Councils engaging the General. But he "screwed" out an hour from his tea time and gave freely and delightedly to Young Toronto. Five hundred students from the colleges and universities availed themselves of the privilege, meeting in the hall of the Young Women's Christian Guild.

One of the side aisles and the gallery were occupied by Salvationists—fresh from the fire of the Councils, who dropped in a volley or an "amen" when they could legitimately do so.

Rev. Dr. Burwash,

Chancellor of Victoria College, introduced the General in very appreciative terms. "We are not ashamed," he said, "to be identified with the religion represented by the leader of one of the greatest movements of the day."

The Hope of America and Canada

lies in the mighty power of the Spirit of God building up true fame and moral principle in the hearts of all. "The General got a splendid hearing, preceded by a volcanic reception of hand-clapping, in which respect every student sported as a real Salvationist."



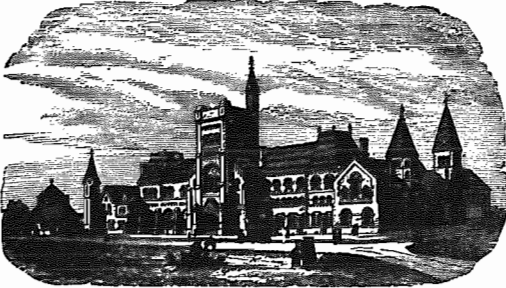
W. F. MACLEAN, M.P.

"PEOPLE SAY TO ME sometimes, when I am about to address young people, 'Go and tell them how to be prosperous, and make their way in the world.' I reply, 'I shall tell them nothing of the sort. What I want to know is, whether they are on the side of my God or not.'" With this question as a kind of underlying text, the General did not beat about the bush. If he had done, he would not have received the warm interest and respect which he gained on all hands.

"I CAN REMEMBER tackling a Greek verb," he told them. "What a hard nut it was to crack! And I went off in the middle of it to deal with the penitent form and to get sincere saved; and I must say it was a far more congenial avocation and study. If, with my present experience, with all the information I have derived from reading and observation—I believe I have got more knowledge from the reading of the human heart, and especially in studying my own in conjunction with the Word of God, than from all the books put together—I could go back and commence life again."

What Would I do with Myself?

Well, what I have done!" In impressive sentences the General assured them that they contained within themselves the seeds of blessing and decision to multitudes more.



TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

Oh, the blessing of a determined stand for God in early days! The condition of the world was different to-day to what it was 50 years ago. He wished he could take their chair-man's rosente view of it. But never was there a time when there was more opportunity or a greater need to do something desperate for God and their fellow-men. Doctor, lawyer, merchant, or whatever they intended to be, on which side were they going to throw the influence of their life? "Here is this great fight! Here is a world going to hell! You say you don't believe in hell; well, turning its back on Heaven! God asks you whether you will come and help Him!"

"The General has gone to The Heart of the Matter,"

was Dr. Burwash's verdict; and after Dr. Tracey (lecturer in philosophy in University College) and Mr. J. H. Brown (General Secretary of the University Y. M. C. A.) had moved and seconded cordial thanks, the Doctor proposed a collection, as the best means of showing the appreciation they felt. Major Malan's "Oh, I'm glad I'm ready," gave scope for another universal exercise of the "clappers," the General observing, "Now, come along! Some of you are going to be parsons, and you will be able to do a little Salvation Army now and then!"



VICTORIA COLLEGE.

The students, chatting amongst themselves, books under arm, enthusiastically pronounced it a "warm" meeting, "but I liked it!" And the "good" we like always benefits us!

Out-of-Works' Banquet.

270 GUESTS IN THE TABLE TEMPLE—STRAIGHT AND SAVING SPEECH FROM THE GENERAL.—As HE LEAVES THE PLATFORM HE IS BEREAVED "DON'T FORGET THE WORK!"

They were not an East End (London, England) crowd. Their toes were not exposed to daylight, nor their bodies to the freezing blast, untempered by the protection afforded by a shirt. But many of their faces were plucked with want, their noses red with cold, and their frames gaunt and shivering.

They were an assemblage of some 270 Toronto out-of-works, many of whom shelter at our various Social institutions.

That's What's the Matter.

"Well, my man," we say to one, a gloomy-visaged young man, "No work this time of year, eh?" "More now than in the summer," he replied, moodily. "We are over-

crowded! and the people who come out from England get all the jobs!" We had inadvertently struck a philosopher of discontent, whom even the sight of substantial viands, and steaming coffee, could not move to a cheerier view of things. He opened his heart to us, however, found fault with our Shelters for not admitting him to bed and board free of cost, confided to our ear that "The Army's doing a good thing out of it, and—"

"Why on earth, friend," we interrupted in simplicity, "do you patronize such a faulty institution?"

Note the reply, for therein lies the point: "I wouldn't, IF I COULD GET A BETTER PLACE!"

Table-Taught Morality.

That is what we called the tabled Temple, in which we stood at five o'clock on Saturday evening. Three tiers running round from side to side, and four placed on the flat centre of the hall, white clothes, lovely pot plants and flowers, shining crockery, not only invited the palate, but elevated the mysterious thing which we call morality.

It was a splendid attack that these guests made upon the viands, albeit a most orderly one. All conditions and positions in life had once owned these poor fellows—the desk, the counter, the workshop, and the field. Upon their wants waited a little army of tri-color capped, white-aproned sisters, who were kept running to and fro at a trot for the first twenty minutes.

In the midst of it all, in walked the General, with Commandant and Mrs. Booth. There was a rising and a cheering, and oh! such a searching from 270 pairs of eyes! They appeared quite satisfied with the Army's noble-figured leader, and proceeded to finish their meal, which was helped down by the vocal efforts of Colonel Lawley and Major Malan.

The Why and Wherefore

of the occasion was explained by the Commandant. It was thought he said, in connection with the General's visit to this city, it would not be complete unless he were given an opportunity to meet the class of men for whom he had lived and done so much. On behalf of the poor people of the city, he bade the General welcome. (Whistling, hand-clapping and cheering.) This was a select meeting, to which the poor alone had been admitted! (More whistling, etc., and cries of "Encore.")

The General Rose with Glistening Eyes.

"I am sure," he said, humbly, "I appreciate the kindness and heartiness of this reception. I do get, as I pass along through life, the blessings of the class to which you belong, in the



streets, in the crowded thoroughfares of the great cities, and there are no expressions of sympathy that go more directly to my heart, and that more encourage me forward, than those which come from the men and women who have profited by my poor labors.

"When I look at people in any sort of difficulty, there always comes to my mind the question,

What Can Be Done for Their Deliverance?

"I suppose you will not feel it an insult to your dignity if I say out straight that you are down-fallen in the battle of life—in low water—in circumstances which are not favorable either to your present happiness or your future welfare.

Now Comes the Question, 'Is There a Way by Which I Can Rise?'

"I think there is; I think also that it is very desirable that you should climb up out of this condition of things. One of my great sorrows in connection with men in your position is that they get so accustomed to their circumstances that they are not willing to put forth any desperate effort to save themselves, either for this life or the life to come. You must

Work Out Your Own Salvation.

"I have seen most remarkable results in the case of men who struggled to raise themselves. They have come out as respectable citizens, honest men, not only esteemed, but actually loved by those about them.

"WOULD NOT YOU LIKE TO REACH THAT POSITION? Would not you like to be independent of gifts and doles? The pity of those who, when they do retire you, often do it as they would throw a bone to a dog, who look on you as

A Curse to Society—

and so you are, by your example, and to yourselves.

"What is the Salvation Army for? We will help you! We want to help you! We can help you! If you will but help yourselves, I thank God I can say there is not a man among you but can rise to his old position. "What are you to do? The first thing, if you have not yet done so, is to

Get Right with Your Heavenly Father.

"Some of you are where you are because you are chained by some bad habit or other. God Almighty will deliver you from it! And, having done that, God will stand by you. Then, with a Salvation Army Shelter and Cheap Food Depot, a man can rub along now till times mend.

"I hope to be able to make an agency in this Dominion whereby I can bring the submerged of the Old Country to this land. But whether or no, we will have arrangements made by which the children of this land shall not want for work if they are willing to work. (Excited applause.)

Don't Perish for Want of Effort.

"Be determined to deliver yourself, or die in the attempt; then you shall deliver yourself, and never die!"

In the storm of cheering, a few of the men arose to leave without waiting for the concluding prayer, but were sternly recalled by the united voice of their fellows.

As the General left the platform, the last shout was from a man in the

front row, "Don't forget the work!" We like that—it is the spirit of the man whom we can and are glad to help!



KNOX COLLEGE.

A SUPERB SUNDAY.

THE MASSEY HALL TWICE FILLED—THE GENERAL SPEAKS WITH HOLY MIGHT—A FINE SMASH AMONGST THE SINNERS.

It is difficult—very! not to avoid exaggeration; for once it is impossible; but to present anything like a just estimate of the events which memorized yesterday! Such a day—say those who speak with the authority of experience, is without parallel even in the Army's palmyest Toronto period. The crowds swarming the magnificent "Massey," the Holy Ghost unctio glowing the General; the cyclonic salvation storm which swept over 50 into holiness and pardon, are facts which have indescribably enthused the present and indelibly marked the future. It is not too much to predict that

Stagnation in Soul-Saving has been Annihilated,

and a breach has been made in the devil-barricaded Jerichos of Toronto sinners, through which our Salvation troops shall pour, smite the enemies of God and man hip and thigh, and



A SONG IN FRENCH FROM MAJOR MALAN.

Win a succession of victories that shall greatly exalt the glory of Jehovah and visibly extend His Kingdom! Ten thousand hallelujahs!

Ten Grasp the Glittering Prize.

By Sunday morning the excessively severe weather had considerably moderated, though this knowledge did not detract from the joyous surprise to which the splendid audience gave rise. You see, a Toronto Sabbath is beautiful—in its closed stores, its street-stopped traffic, its sealed saloons, its postal non-deliveries. For such a Sunday it challenges the world. But suppose you have hired the expensive, commodious, and charming Massey Music Hall for the day, and it takes 5,000 people to fill it? And suppose further the members of your expected congregation reside four, five and six miles from the place of meeting? Awkward! However, we were spared these disagreeable reflections so soon as we stepped inside, for the body of the hall filled, and the gallery blacked. Then the General



J. S. ROBERTSON,
President of the Canadian Temperance League.

walked upon the platform with the elasticity of step and the vigor of men which

Betokened "Fight,"

and the physical condition necessary thereto. A compact body of "glowing" Salvationists backed him; a long line of godly, experienced fishers faced him. All things are ready!

Freedom, "bite," logical penetration, but above and beyond all, "power," characterized the General's words from start to finish. The address was, indeed, as Major Compin termed it, "the nearest approach to inspiration that I ever expect to hear on this side of Heaven!"

"Too solid for sentiment, the complete deliverance from which, Bible in hand, the General demanded as the Christian's duty and his inestimable privilege sparked before our eyes as a priceless prize, the possession of which meant peace like a river, zeal like a flame of fire, a life like to the conquering Christ!"

Addressing the professors of religion before him, the General asked:

"To whom can the people look, but to you who are the soldiers of Jesus Christ? You say, 'Why don't they look into their Bibles?' Because they won't. The bulk of the idea the world gets about God it gets from those who profess to be His servants. 'How shall I get to know what religion is?' a young fellow says, 'but by looking at my sister; at the man who works by my side, and who says he is a Salvationist!'"

"Never, never, till we get a body of men and women who live, right in the face of the world, after the pattern of the Lord Jesus Christ—who carry their faith in God and Calvary, and the Holy Ghost, into their consecration, into their business, into their politics, into everything, and be as religious on Monday as on Sunday—never till then is there any hope of a

Mighty Overwhelming of the Kingdom of the Devil.

Those who are here can stand up and claim such a Divine possession of God as shall make them equal to 'all things,' for 'all things' are possible with God and to him that believeth."

He attacked idolatry in every shape and form as the destroyer of a vast amount of spiritual vitality.

"Many a man loves God with all his heart till money creeps in. Many a woman loves God with all her heart till she puts a precious child into her arms. In other words, the world, and the love of the world, creeps into people's souls and absorbs

the love they might give to God. God will take away your idolatry! In some cases he has to take the child away in order to save the woman; to take the money away to save the man. Bless His name. He can take away your idolatry this morning! You shall love your wife, your husband, your studies, your money—but you shall

Love Them In God,

love the things of earth as you are going to love them in Heaven. Oh, when I get to Heaven I am going to have wonderful things there. I have asked the dear Lord, and I believe He will permit me, to join the cavalry there! (Volley.) If I were to ride a horse down here, people would say, 'Look at General Booth!' (Laughter.) Besides, I might come off sooner than I wanted to! And I shall get a holiday, which I don't now!"

"Thank God!" the General concluded, "the ocean of Divine Love can roll over the world! It can roll over my soul! You can plunge into the Fountain—and I think you had better do it now!"

A spell of Divine power rested upon the congregation. In a few minutes a staff officer took action, strode to the form, and wrestled for victory over some subtle and distracting influence. His courage stimulated someone else. An elderly man and a lady followed. The number ran up to ten. Some of the most thorough, deliberate, I-mean-it claimers of the blessing we have seen for many a day.



REV. DR. WITHROW,
Editor of the "Methodist Magazine," and for years an Army Friend.

A Presentation—A Definition—A Message.

Full of variety! Full of significance! Full of blessing! Full of people! The latter particularly arrested attention first. To see the "Massey" in all its glory, replete it with humanity! We can think of no more noteworthy public audience in the whole trip than that upon which we looked on Sunday afternoon. Respectability and intelligence and guinea stamp of Toronto streets, cars, and congregations, and it distinguished the 5,000 waiting upon the General on this occasion in no ordinary degree.

5,000 Congratulations and 2,000 Dollars Conveyed by the Commandant.

Succeeding the opening exercises, the Commandant, holding in his hands a handsomely bound volume, addressed himself both to the audience and to the General:

"A little piece of business, which should have been performed at the reception meeting on Thursday night, falls to me, as the constituted leader for the time being of the Sal-

vation Army forces throughout the Dominion of Canada, at this opportunity.

"Dear General, I hold in my hand a volume of messages, signed by some four or five thousand officers and soldiers, congratulating you upon having reached your Jubilee year in the service of God and of the poor. (Volleys.)

"This volume is no mere piece of sentiment; it consists not alone of messages signed in cold handwriting and with cold signatures; but it has been made a practical memorial, for there has been sent with it gifts from these various persons—mostly poor people—amounting to over two thousand dollars, to extend the work of this Salvation Army in Canada. (Volleys and applause.)

"Now, General, it is not necessary for me to tell you any more that

We Love You,

because you see it written on our faces, and our very presence here in this hall, wearing the uniform of the Salvation Army, is the very best proof that we are prepared to fight, live and die, as God shall give us strength and grace, in propagating those principles which you have so loved to see carried into effect. (Volleys.)

"And so, dear General, I will simply voice the sentiments of our Dominion by saying that:

From the fisherman's hut in the ice-bound North;

From Newfoundland's shores where the waves break in wrath;

From fair Nova Scotia, where you are revered;

To lovely New Brunswick, to which you're endeared;

From the heights of Quebec, where your soldiers hold on;

From Ontario's fields, where, though pressed, we have won;

From wide Manitoba, the land of the free;

And vaster Alberta—a nation to be;

From the stone-covered passes, where the Rockies uptower;

From Columbia's river, and valley and

All Canada's sons, with her daughters unite

In praising our God for your fifty years' fight.

We pray that long you may over us reign.

And come very quickly to see us again!"



TEMPERANCE PEOPLE SYMPATHIZE.

To our grand old chief, it must have been part of the reward of a lifetime as the affectionate, volleyed blessings fell upon his ears, emphasized by glittering eyes and upraised hands. His reply was full of deep feeling:

"My God, and Commandant of the Salvation Army in the Canadian Dominion, and all the officers, soldiers and friends, and all the loving and sympathetic hearts you represent, and have represented, in the presentation of this volume to me,

I thank You from the Bottom of My Heart.

(Volley.) I really have lost all ability



SELF LOST TO SIGHT WHILE LISTENING TO THE GENERAL.

and feel I must give up in despair, making acknowledgments of the kind expressions of love, sympathy, education and affection that are being showered upon me now on all hands. (Laughter and volleys.) I am inclined to think that we may consider this dispensation and the recognition of past services to be an end—at least with the exception of what I suppose I will have to pass through



"THE ARMY HELPS ALL TRADES EXCEPT THE SALOON."

in the States—and that now it is for me to begin over again and go on earning anything I am to have in the future." (Laughter and hearty volleys.)

The Drink Traffic—Why Not do as We do?

Sitting upon the platform were a number of ladies and gentlemen representing the Canadian Temperance League and temperance effort generally. These had requested the General to express his opinion upon the attitude which he thought the church ought to assume towards this cause. He now turned his attention to this subject:

"We Salvationists," he said, "do not say a very great deal—perhaps not as much as we ought to do—upon this matter. At the same time, I do think that we are consistent in our practice with what we preach. I always feel very shy of dictating to people outside my borders as to what they should do. I have a sort of two-fold way of giving advice. Sometimes I say, 'Well, you ought to do so and so.' At others, 'I won't tell you myself to tell you what you ought to do; but I will tell you what I should do if I were in your circumstances.'"

"I think I may take the latter course this afternoon with regard to the churches. It is not for me to say exactly what they ought to do; I am not responsible for them—my hands are pretty full with my own people. But at any rate I will tell you what we do, and then say to the churches, 'I think if I were in your place I should do the same.' In plain language, what the Salvation Army does, I think other people in the same relations to God and man ought to do.

"The S.A.'s Attitude to the Drink Traffic

is:—
"(1) We say it is a great evil, a curse to mankind.



INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

"(2) Seeing that it works so much misery, sin, vice and crime, we will not allow any individuals who are engaged in its manufacture or distribution to be soldiers in our ranks.

"(3) If its production and distribution are an evil, the partaking of it must be an evil also, and no soldier can have his name on our roll who is not an entire abstainer from the use of intoxicating liquor.

"(4) We have done something, and are prepared to do what we can, in order to obtain the total abolition of the traffic, and to remove so far as can practically be done, the temptation to our weaker brethren to fall under the power of this fascinating snare."

These undiluted "articles of faith" won the tumultuous approval of the vast assembly. The applause had scarcely subsided, however, before the General, in impressive tones, announced:

"I Have a Message to Deliver to this audience, which I must deliver, God helping me!" (Volley.)

This message, added the General, had come to him some weeks ago as the one which I should go and speak to them. No doubt, in such a large congregation, there were professing Christians and workers from all the churches. As honest men and women, who valued their souls, they were under obligation to walk in any fresh light which God might give them.

This was the most solemn and impressive part of the proceedings. Again God came upon the General, clothing him with wisdom and might. There was no getting away from his portraiture of Christ's religion, nor



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

Others followed in faster succession. A bright, merry young man, though a backslider, was

"Fished" Without "Feeling,"

though it took ten minutes hard dealing to accomplish it. His sister—whom he loved very much—had died just a year before, rejoicing in Jesus, and the blessed recollection was a lever to rouse the wayward brother heavenward. "Give to the dear General a shake of the hand for me," he requested, after he had again surrendered himself to the doing of God's will. Here comes a couple of the Farm Colony lads. The Commandant relieves the Colonel, and the penitential form lengthens and lengthens till nearly fifty have made their peace with God and the whole place is in a ferment of glory.

ing. After more than twenty were kneeling, and the Commandant had relieved the General and Colonel Lawley in the lead of the prayer-meeting, the ingathering became faster. Presently,

Five Came out in a Bunch.

The Commandant threw his concertina into the air, shouted in stentorian tones, and resumed the conflict with increased ardour. The General, with raptured face, paced the floor; the bandmen, officers and soldiers were all a-fire—some dancing for very joy.

The fortieth was marched down from the gallery. A group of four ran up the total. Two—ones—a continual stream. No sooner would a prayer be started than it would be interrupted by ecstatic shouts of "Glory!" "Here's another!" Col. Lawley

Declared the State of the Poll.

"Shall we go on?" shouts the Commandant. "Yes! Yes!" responds hundreds of throats. Brigadier Jacob replaces the panting, sweating, exuberant Commandant. Another long and strong pull, and the 71st is at the Saviour's feet. For the two days, 143!



NEW MUNICIPAL AND COUNTY BUILDINGS

In process of construction opposite the S. A. Temple, Albert Street.

Dr. Thomas prayed with cordial warmth of heart, thanking Almighty God for the presence of the General; for the strength of mind and body that had been vouchsafed to him all these years, and for the Salvation Army, which had been made the medium of communicating the Gospel of Jesus Christ to so many who were once afar off.

Ex-Mayor Fleming then introduced the General with kindest words of welcome and esteem.

Applause, prolonged and heartfelt, greeted the General as he arose, and, tossing back his silver hair, forged straight ahead, as usual, with clear, concise, and rapid utterance, elucidating, explaining, and expatiating upon our raison d'être.

Hearty cheers were the ready response to the assertion that the Salvation Army had helped the whole Christian world, by stirring

The Atmosphere of Generosity.

He presented the Army in nitroglycerine light to the majority of his hearers, many of whom, doubtless, had hitherto possessed but a very superficial knowledge of its origin, its government, and its strong, economical and resultful recommendations. Such knowledge is power, and sympathy, and we trust, practical assistance, without which the advance of any good movement is hampered and slow.

As the General resumed his seat, amidst fervent applause, the chairman repeated how delighted all had been to hear for themselves the man who had been such a great benefit to society. He finally suggested a collection.

The Commandant gave a brief resume of our Social schemes, and institutions in Toronto, touching on their various needs and necessities. Whilst the collection was being taken up, Major Malan soloed in his musical native language, accompanied by the concertina in the hands of the Commandant.

Dr. Thomas proposed a vote of thanks, among other affectionate statements insisting that our leader was a greater General than all other Generals of the century.

Staff-Inspector Archibald endorsed all that had been said, and seconded the vote of thanks, to which the General responded briefly.



APPLAUSE.

Souls, souls, must be our watchword. Every soldier must have something to do. Each Corps must be thoroughly organized. Surrounding places should be visited, and an outburst of revival power shall break forth, and the whole country side shall become the scene of salvation. Pleading prayer with God. Faithful house to house visitation. Consecrated brains and a thorough and complete relying upon God is sure to bring victory. Lord hasten victory.



KING STREET, TORONTO.

A Much More Marvellous Monday.

PENITENTS STREAM OUT IN GROUPS OF FOUR AND FIVE—EIGHTY-TWO ADDED TO THE PARDED—FIGHTING, FEASTING AND DANCING.

Twice was the Army Temple filled, on Monday afternoon and night. Twice did the General buckle on armour and resume the struggle for souls. The tremendous exertions of the previous day had told upon him physically, paling his face, and wearying his body. But the Lord

Renewed His Strength "Like the Eagle's,"

and clothed his addresses with such Holy Ghost vitality that the place was in a ferment of determination on the part of the saints, and of conviction on the side of the backsliders and sinners.

In proportion, we cannot recollect anything grander or more glorious. No, not even in Queen's Hall, London, England, than the sight we last night beheld. Some ten minutes must have elapsed before there was a move in the crowded Temple towards the penitential form. But the ice was broken; there was a gradual yield-

ing. Do you wonder that Salvation is the talk of Toronto? or that the General is looked upon more than ever as our glorious prophet-leader?

Tuesday Afternoon.

THE SELECT MEETING in the elegant St. George's Hall, Elm street, had a certain unique interest of its own, whilst differing in character from all previous gatherings.

The audience was quiet, courteous, thoughtful and intelligent. Some time before the commencement the low, polite hum of murmured conversation was to be heard among those who had come determined to secure a good position.

The day-light shone in through the stained glass windows upon a graceful, well-dressed company with their silks and soft furs all speaking of an existence of comfort and ease. The subdued graining of the panelled walls was cheered by the bright folds of large Union Jacks draped behind the platform.

CONSPICUOUS AMONG OTHERS, side by side with the General, were our staunch friends, Dr. Thomas, Staff-Inspector Archibald, and ex-Mayor Fleming, who took the chair. After a song, familiar to all, had been given out by the Commandant,

the piercing questions as to its possession to which conscience demanded replies. With but two or three minutes left, he pleaded with those who had found themselves short of this standard to at least promise to come to the meeting at night.

A Climax of Conquest.

Whatever Sunday may become dim in the memories of our Canadian comrades, the night of the 10th will not share that fate! This time the magnificent building was resplendent with electric light, rendering the more imposing the huge masses in body, galleries, and on platform, who listened to the scene of conflict. A conflict it was, on an immense scale. The General was the champion of the Lord—

Fearless, Faithful, Fiery!

One could imagine the consternation caused in the ranks of hell's legions as he uncompromisingly attacked sin, respectable or vulgar, brandied or luted.

And then, when the heavy guns of truth had bruised and battered the defenses surrounding so many hearts, our leader skillfully brought into use the force of fishers, petitioners and believers who surrounded him. Colonel Lawley took the "bridge," and a volunteer was secured—a young man. On the other side of the form, a little boy notified his intention of becoming a Christ-soldier.

Toronto's Top Triumph.

A Magnificent "Massey" Audience Stirred by the General's Last Subject:

"SOCIAL SORROWS,

—AND

HOW TO SWEEP THEM AWAY."

POOR MEN AND EX-CRIMINALS PRESENT AN ADDRESS OF GRATITUDE—ONTARIO'S PREMIER PRESIDES—SPEAKS IN HIGHEST TERMS OF THE ARMY'S WORK, WHICH IS ENDORSED BY THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION AND PRINCIPAL BURWART—A CALAMITY AVERTED—A SUCCESSION OF SENSATIONS.

Tuesday night was a climax of the most desirable character. Toronto and the Salvation Army became better and more lastingly acquainted than ever before, and heart to heart, hand to hand, shoulder to shoulder, there is a career opened out before them of humanity-saving effort which should reach far beyond the limits of the Dominion. We do not think, judging by the responsible statements which marked the close of the meeting, that this is too sanguine an outlook.

The weather did credit to the "Massey," and the audience to the weather; so that when a large and representative company of Government officials, ministers, civic dignitaries and esteemed citizens—including

Our Chairman, Sir Oliver Mowat,

Premier of Ontario—filled in to the front platform seats, with the Army chieftain in their rear, it was

A Magnificent Assemblage that Rose

and extended their greetings.

Acting as lieutenant to the chairman, the Commandant announced that the presentation of an address had been spontaneously agreed upon by the inmates of our various Social Institutions in the city, and that they had deputed certain of their number to perform this function. (Applause.)

It was a Proud Moment

when five dear fellows marched up to the reading stand. The spokesman was red-guerriened. Roll in hand, he cleared his throat for the honorable effort he was about to make. Ranged next to him, were two prison-robed companions, and a third, for oakum-picking purposes. A third was a grey-headed comrade, and a fourth a warder-like Salvationist. The leader read the address, only a few quotations from which is permitted by our limited space:

Respected Sir and General:

"At a fairly representative meeting of the criminal class and poor of the City of Toronto, held at the Workman's Hotel, it was unanimously resolved that this opportunity could not be allowed to pass by without expressing to you, sir, publicly, the gratitude and thanks we owe you for your unobtrusive efforts to promote our social and spiritual happiness."

"We recognize, sir, these efforts have been prompted by a love implanted in your soul by Jesus Christ, who came into the world to seek and save that which was lost; and while many may ridicule and sneer at the thought of the drunkard, the swearer, the gambler, and the criminal being brought into a saving touch with Christ, we would say, to many of us this is a glorious fact. There are many to-day, sir, of this class in Toronto, and scattered all over this fair Dominion, who will ever bless God for General Booth and his faithful soldiers."

"We will even dare to hope for a yet more extensive development of your social and industrial efforts, for the time when there will be no excuse for destitution, when every able-bodied man and woman in the Dominion—aye, in all the world—shall be provided with remunerative em-



EX-MAYOR FLEMING.

Chairman of the Special Invitation Meeting at St. George's Hall.

ployment; when prisons shall be converted into workshops, saloons into Salvation Army Barracks, and criminals into Christians.

"Not only shall the blessings of us as prodigal sons and fathers follow you, but mothers, whose hearts have been rent with deepest sorrow, and wives, hitherto neglected and heart-broken, will pray God's richest blessings upon you through eternity."

"We have the honor to be, sir, yours very gratefully, Charles Edwards, John Massey, William Hasoon, William Frank, William I. Fulton, Committee for the poor of the City of Toronto."

A More Startling Surprise Still

was the uprising of some hundreds of costumed figures on the back of the platform, representing the Farm Colony, the Workman's Hotel, the Rescue Home, the Shelter, and the whole network of agency with which the Army is uplifting Canada's fallen, outcast, and helpless.

The electric organ sounds a chord, and the united voices of these dear men and women, directed by the Commandant, swell out, "The General's Dream." Especially do they "lay on" with the chorus:

"Oh, the General's dream, that noble scheme!

Gives John Jones work to do,
He'll have a bed, and be well-fed,
When the General's dream comes true!"



SIR OLIVER MOWAT,

Premier of Ontario, Chairman of the Social Meeting in Massey Hall.

"Hurrah!" about the audience, and again and again the refrain is given.

Sir Oliver Rose

amid a splendid outburst of cheering.

With a kindly smile on his intellectual face, and in cultured tones, he began:

"I am sure I have been more touched by the proceedings so far than I at all anticipated. There seems to be so much heart thrown into everything—in the songs sung and the prayers uttered. (Volley.) No part was more touching to me than the address which has been read here. It is

An Object Lesson of the Good which has been Accomplished

by the Salvation Army. (Applause.) "This immense audience is composed largely of those who are not members of the Army—they have come from all the churches of the city, and I dare say a good many may have come who belong to no church at all, but who wish to manifest their appreciation of the work of this organization, and of the great General to whom, humanly speaking, all is owing. (Cheers and volleys.)

"It is some years since I formed the conviction that the Salvation Army was

A Great Power for Good in the World—

and that it was an increasing power, too; and on various public occasions I have taken the opportunity to express that conviction by my words and by my acts. (Loud applause and "God bless you!")

"I have met your General but once, when I had the pleasure of hearing him and some of his staff in Exeter Hall, London, and of afterwards being introduced to him and having a short conversation. I am glad to meet him here to-night, and to know that success has followed his efforts from that time until now. (Hear, hear.)

"The Salvation Army is probably the greatest movement of modern times for the spiritual, moral, and social advancement of the human race. Some of its methods are peculiar and disagreeable to a section not accustomed to them. Prejudice has been the result. But the test of all methods is their success. Judged by the test, General, your methods are good methods. (Volleys.) They have been blessed by Him in Whose name and for Whose glory, they have been adopted. (Volleys.) Prejudice, in view of the great success of the Salvation Army, has disappeared. "It is impossible to ignore the fact of the immense good which has been accomplished by the Army's agency.

It has Lifted up the Fallen,

made the drunkard sober, the idle man to be industrious, the criminal has become respectable and law-abiding. (Cheers and volleys.)

"The Army proclaims itself to be a competitor with the churches. (The General—"Hear, hear!") It is an assistant to them; they are benefited by its labors. (Applause.) It is practical religion at which it aims, and the principles which it instils are the principles common to all evangelical churches. (Cheers.) The power by which the good is accomplished is Christianity in the hearts of the workers. (Hear, hear.)

"I am glad to have the honor of presiding on an occasion of this kind, and I have great pleasure in bidding welcome to the General, who has been receiving greetings all over Canada. I have nothing to add to what has been said elsewhere in this respect, but

I Endorse it all!

(Cheers.) I know that you who are listening will endorse it likewise. (Heartily applause.) I am glad that the General has paid Ontario this visit, and am sure much advantage will result from it, not only to the Army, but to others besides. (Hear, hear and cheers.)

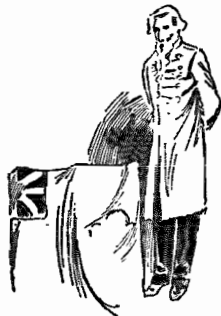
A Panic Prevented!

Before Sir Oliver had got to the conclusion of his remarks, a quantity of smoke escaped from the engine-room into the hall. When this was perceived by the occupants of the gallery, who could fathom no other cause for it but that the place was on fire, there was a general uprising, and an appalling rush appeared imminent—indeed, it had commenced. Such a movement must have resulted disastrously. Thank God, the General and the Commandant, backed up nobly by the platform, succeeded in their shouted assurances that "it was all smoke," and "all right," and beyond half-a-dozen faints, no harm was done. In a few moments, everyone was again seated and ready to bring the house down, not with fire, but

Thunderous, Enthusiastic Applause

for the man who stood ready to address them—the Army's General. He began:

"Sir Oliver, I must regret the awkward interruption to your speech—to those words which were coming from your lips so eloquently, so truthfully and so admirably suited to every occasion. (Applause.) It is a thing that I have suffered from more or less all my career—a certain election of smoke! (Laughter and cheers.) But by a little patience, sir, the clouds have all rolled by, and I have got into the open again. Against alternations of this description I suppose the Salvation Army will have to fight its battles and reach the conquering goal. (Applause.)



THE GENERAL COMMENCING HIS ADDRESS.

"Thank you, sir, for the kindly words spoken concerning the Army and myself. And I must thank my comrades who have read to me so eloquent an address. None come more closely home to my heart than such addresses as these from

The People whom I have Spent My Life in Helping."

(Applause.) As the General entered upon his

earnest, eloquent preface to his Social subject, he declared:

"I will Stand to My Guns!"

I am not going to run away. I contend there is hope for these classes!" (Loud applause.)

Those who know the General can imagine how powerfully and convincingly he would substantiate his assertion. He brought to his aid the fact of what he had seen in his visit to the Central Prison that very morning. He had gone through its workshops, looked into its arrangements, and spoken to the 300 or 400 inmates. He had been very pleased to remark

The Marvellous Advance which that Prison Showed

in the public sentiment with regard to the criminal. (Applause.) When he got back to England, he was expecting to speak at a Prison Commission meeting, and he should certainly suggest to it that they make a very careful investigation of the methods being practised in the institution to which he had referred. He thought the English mother might pick up something from her Canadian daughter. (Applause.)

Laughter and tears, horror and pity, indignation and admiration played upon the audience

Like Blowing Breezes

up to the very finish of the address, and the chairman's remark, "The General said that after to-night I should like the Salvation Army better than I did before—I am experiencing that already"—may unhesitatingly be adopted as the voice of all present.

Far Beyond a Fairly Fancy.

The Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, said a word of sympathy, coming from an audience like that, was the very least they could give for the wonderful story the General had told them to-night—a story of achievement by humble means—a story of triumph over the greatest difficulties which perhaps human efforts had ever encountered. "I don't remember that ever I read a fairy tale that was more interesting. (Applause.) I think I can speak for you all when I say that if ever there was the slightest prejudice in the city of Toronto against the Salvation Army, that

PREJUDICE IS ENTIRELY REMOVED

by the sympathetic address to which we have listened to-night. (Loud cheers.) Every one will go away with the impression that this work, not only in the Old Land we love so well, but in our own country, can encourage and aid by every means in our power. I ask for the General the heartiest vote of thanks this large meeting can give his noble efforts on behalf of suffering humanity!" (Prolonged cheering.)

"HELPING US ALL, BLESSING US ALL, AND SAVING OUR LAND!"

"A vote of thanks is very easily given," said Principal Burwash, of the Victoria College, in acceding: "I feel that not our thanks only, but our sympathies, our prayers, our co-operation, if we are to hold our place as Christian men and women in this great city, must go with our vote. (Hearty cheer.)"

"I feel like rising up and calling upon all Christian people here—upon our brethren in the ministry, our men of wealth, our captains of industry—for the sake of the Master, for the sake of souls, to

JOIN HAND AND HEART WITH OUR FRIENDS OF THE S.A. IN SAVING THE CITY.

Why can't it be done? (The General: "Hearty cheer!") Why should there be a criminal, or a homeless creature, or a poor outcast left in this city if we will join hearts, hands, power and influence to work for God and the Salvation of these? (Voilays.) Are we ready to do it? And we are not those who are resolved, by God's help, to

HAVE A HAND IN THIS WORK,

and not leave it all to the poor brothers and sisters of the Salvation Army, when it is helping us all, blessing us all, and saving our land?" When a young man, 30 years ago, the Principal said he paid a visit to one of the Toronto hospitals, where

he saw a poor creature, cast out to die by the world. As he knelt by her side and began to tell her that there was a Friend who still loved sinners, she lifted up her arm, all scarred with ulcers, and with the skin hanging about it, shook her fist in his face and said:

"WHO CARES FOR ME?"

"That question has been sounded in our ears to-night. Do we care? If we love the Master, if we have His Spirit, we will look for these souls and do more than we have been doing to save them. Our rich churches will do more; our men with millions will do more! We will join heart and hand in this crusade against sin, and strive, by the grace of God, to make this young Canada, which is so fair and full of promise, holy unto the Lord, where there will be

NO POVERTY AND VICE.

Where there will be bed and breakfast and work for every man. (Applause.) God bless you, General Booth!" (Cheers.)

With a warm tribute to Toronto, and an acknowledgment of the pleasure and cheer his visit had given him, the General "farewelled" from the public of the Queen City, in whose hearts he will live and be overwhelmingly welcomed when he can find opportunity to come again.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places. Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

THE GENERAL.

The General! We often say "God bless him," and hundreds of thousands daily offer a similar petition on his behalf, and truly God does bless him. The eyes of Toronto have been upon him this last week, many, very many of them eyes of love, sympathy, faith, respect, loyalty, a few, perhaps, otherwise. He has well borne the scrutiny, and those who know him the best love him the most. Truth has a mighty power to make itself felt to be truth, and a true character cannot long be hidden, and such is the General's. To see him as he tells out eternal truths from his

hot, volcanic heart as the Spirit gives him utterance is to feel at once that here is a man living with an eye single for God and perishing souls. There is an unmistakably supernatural unction about his talk. The truth from his lips eats its way down deep, penetrating past every refuge of lies the sinner has hidden behind, till the countenance betrays the consternation within. His zeal for God's glory makes him expose the sinfulness of sin in a way strangely plain for these honeyed times. With the General sin is exceedingly sinful, and though his heart is breaking over sinners, he cannot palliate wrong, it must be confessed, forsaken, and put away through an application of the blood of the Lamb. Then, too, how his soul writhes with indignation at the wrong done to the fallen and outcast; one is apt to feel while listening to his tremendous appeals on their behalf,—good is it for the oppressor that General Booth sought the sweet methods of Christianity for the accomplishment of his social reforms, for he has in him a burning lava which would force its way somewhere.

We are told Moses was "a proper child." Our Moses is a proper man. Someone in the States suggests as his future epitaph, "the friend of the poor." To this the General would well added, "A servant of Jesus Christ and the enemy of no man," on which we would remark, "Yes, he is all that, no doubt," but we rejoice in noting that he is much more vigorous than he was a couple of years ago, and we have a good hope that very many years of life are yet before him, in which God will continue to endow him with those gifts which have been so wide a channel of blessing to the world in past years. For this we pray.

THE TORONTO CAMPAIGN.

The Toronto Campaign is over. It is not too much to say that it has exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine amongst us. The manifest spiritual power of the meetings, the splendid audiences, the rapt attention, the wonderful penitential results, the gathering to us of those who are socially the highest in the land, most intelligent, and in some instances the most deeply spiritual, their acknowledgment and appreciation of the results of Army work, their whole-hearted sympathy and deeply earnest utterances when speaking of the General, our present Canadian leaders, and the Army, incontrovertibly prove how great a triumph has been the last six days in the history of Toronto warfare.

OFFICERS' COUNCIL LED BY MRS. BOOTH.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Booth held a delightful, practical and spiritual Council with her women officers of Staff and Field rank, assembled in the Jubilee Hall. Fuller reports will follow.

THE 'MONTREAL WITNESS' ON THE ARMY.

The "Montreal Witness," under the heading, "General Booth," concludes an interesting and favorable leader with the following words: "This much is certain, that the Salvation Army, which was twenty years ago despised by all denominations as a mischievous vagary of erratic, power-loving persons, is now everywhere respected, even to the extent of a tendency to abdicate the real work of the Church in its favor. Nothing is more common than to hear of some peculiarly difficult kind of work such remarks as: 'That is a kind of work to which the Salvation Army's meth-

A Favorite Song of the General's Campaign.

MUSIC THERE.

TUNE.—"Same Old Game."

By COL. LAWLEY.

*When David was a king
He used to play and sing.
To hold his noise his own wife him implored;
But he danced with all his might,
For he had a perfect right
To play, to shout, to leap before the Lord.*

Chorus:

*Music there, music there,
The "Hallelujah Chorus" is sung there;
Throughout eternal day
The bands in glory play—
I'm going to be a bandsman there.*

*"You must from your Master turn,
You must either bow or burn,"
They said to those three Hebrew soldiers true;
With hands and feet made fast,
They were in the furnace cast;
But God delivered them, and He will you.*

*There was Daniel, he would pray
Three times every day,
Altho' they said the wild beasts should him eat,
But the lions had lock-jaw,
And they could not lift a paw,
From harm Jehovah did His prophet keep.*

*The prodigal ran away,
No doubt he meant to stay;
While looking after swine he felt so bad,
He sought his home once more,
And found an open door;
The old man had a dancer, he was so glad.*

*The thief upon the tree
Cried, "Lord, remember me."
The devil thought he had him, I declare,
But Christ to him replied,
And saved him by His side,
And sent him off to glory then and there.*

*When Paul and Silas sang
The prison door went bang!
I'm sure the sinners said, "He's better pray."
An earthquake shook the jail;
This made the keeper quail;
In foot he joined the Army straight away.*

*I'm bound for yonder land,
Where the music will be grand,
I want to meet you all when storms are o'er.
We will have a concert there,
When all our throats get clear,
We'll sing the grand new song for evermore.*

ods seem to me especially fitted; or, if the task demands humility of service, 'You don't expect me to do Salvation Army work, do you?' In a hundred such ways the churches are unconsciously acknowledging the practical superiority of the organization, of which General Booth is the centre."

THIS IS A WONDERFUL TESTIMONY for a great household "Day" to give the poor Salvation Army. While we do not seek the praise of men, we cannot but be thankful to observe how the great leaders of thought have come to see below the surface of our methods, and to recognize and appreciate the Army's high moral aim in the world. As to the admission of other Christians in respect to the work we may be deemed peculiarly suited for, we beg to say that we have no whit more responsibility for supplying the temporal and spiritual needs of the "lapsed masses" than have others. In fact, we think it may very properly be called the Church's own work. Nevertheless, our journey has the blessings of God's Holy Spirit to save the wandering sons of men, and realizing the extreme urgency of the need, we have whole-heartedly put our hands to the plough, and we promise every needy soul of our common Humanity that we will help him as much as in us lies.

"OUR MEN'S SHELTER."

THE PRESSING NEED for such hotels as were initiated so promptly and successfully on the occasion of the General's journey Eastward, even in commercially prosperous centres, is strikingly exemplified by the crowded condition of the Shelter recently opened at London.

The latest news from that institution is that the place is "full up nightly."

The night before he came to the General's Toronto meetings, the Officer in charge had six men sleeping on benches in the reading-room; new beds are being put in, but many numbers of needy men have frequently to be turned away. Eight to twenty men are daily working in the wood-yard.

\$1,000.

THE SUBSTANTIALLY of the interest excited by the General's Western campaign is richly evidenced by the recent grant of \$1,000 by the City Council of Victoria, for the maintenance of a Salvation Army Social Institution for men in that city.

One thousand dollars is a hard, tangible fact, which may well be noted by those persons disposed to ask the question with reference to the influence stirred up by the General's visit, "Will it last?"

THE NEW YORK CRY of February 16th very properly finds cause for a "Hurrah" from the fact that Colonel Strong, Mayor of New York, is willing to grant permits for open-air work to any Salvation Army Officer authorized by the Army leaders, said permit to last during the pleasure of the Mayor. Our own opinion continues: The Mayor has given our administration for his exhibition the best of fair play to the Army, and the placing it upon a level with other spiritual organizations in the matter of open-air permits.

We rejoice with our comrades over the facilities for better prosecuting the Salvation War this system of permits gives, but it strikes us as being an unpleasant reflection on the Star-Spangled Banner of the great Republic, that in a spot so near the seat of liberty as New York City, this universally-admitted-to be law-abiding, peace-making Salvation Army should only be permitted to exercise its Christ-like functions on sufferance.

Canadian "All The World" readers will be interested in that paper's editorial change.

"This appointment will," says the English War Cry, "we are certain, give universal satisfaction. Major Duff is no novice to literary work, and while in Sweden his improvement of her editorial ability, to raise every sanguine hopes as to her success in her new position.

In connection with this change, the final link in the consolidation of our literature management has been com-

A Favorite Song of the General's Campaign.

By COL. LAWLEY.

TUNE.—"Where do You Journey, my Brother?"

Some people I know don't live holy,
They battle with unconquered sin,
Not daring to consecrate fully,
Or they full salvation would win.
With malice they have constant trouble,
From fearing they long to be free;
With most things about them they grumble;
Praise God, this is not so with me.

Chorus:

I know of a Saviour from sin, (Repeat)
Our Almighty Jesus is able
To keep even me without sin.

Some people are proud, some half-hearted,
With feelings of envy they fight;
From fashion they will not be parted,
Refusing to walk in the light.
Their bad tempers cause them much sorrow;
An up and down life theirs must be;
The Judgment Day fills them with horror;
Praise God, this is not so with me!

Some people enjoy full salvation;
Their peace like a river does flow;
With them there is no condemnation—
The Blood keeps them whiter than snow.
Well saved, praise the Lord! Hallelujah!
Triumphant thro' Christ on the tree;
They bask in the sunshine of Beulah;
Praise God, this is just so with me.

pleted. The following is a complete list of the British editorial staff:

The War Cry (Weekly).—Colonel Nicol, Editor; Captain Taylor, Sub-Editor, now travelling with the General.

The Social Gazette (Weekly).—Major W. H. Harding, Editor.
The Young Soldier (Weekly).—Staff-Captain Clutterbuck, Editor.

All The World (Monthly).—Major M. Duff, Editor.
The Deliverer (Monthly).—Staff-Captain Margaret Allen, Editor.

"All The World" has filled most beneficially an important sphere in Army influence in the past, and the late editors are to be congratulated on the excellent production which for ten years has blessed and inspired Army circles the world over. We sincerely trust that under the new regime the excellence and value of the periodical may be maintained and increased. Success to Major Duff!

WE NOTICE WITH pleasure the kindly interest which is being taken in the "War Cry" by the Press of the country. The following clipping from the Manitoba "Free Press" is a specimen of many friendly references to our straight Salvation weekly:

GENERAL BOOTH'S VISIT.

THE "WAR CRY'S" ILLUSTRATED REPORT OF THE WINNIPEG GATHERINGS.

(Free Press 7-2-95.)

The latest number of the War Cry devotes considerable space to the report of General Booth's visit to Winnipeg. The front page of the paper is covered with a picture, the subject of which is indicated by the words, "Good-bye, Winnipeg." The scene is the G. P. R. station at the time of the General's departure. The Atlantic express is drawn up in front of the platform, with engine attached, and all ready for the start. The station platform is crowded with men, women and children, assembled to give the general a hearty send-off. The seven column report, headed "Winnipeg, Wants, Wishes, Wills and Wins," has eulogies of Major and Mrs. Read, W. R. Mulock, Q. C.; Capt. R. J. Whitla and views of Main street and City Hall, the Winnipeg Rescue Home, and the Canadian Pacific Railway yards.

An interesting feature of next week's "Cry" will be the page devoted to the songs of Colonel Lawley,

LATEST NEWS FROM NATIONAL CENTRES.

ENGLAND.

THE CHIEF-OF-THE-STAFF led a Sunday's campaign at the world-famed West of London Link, which is described as a "Day of Miracles." He made a marvellous attack on sin's citadel, with a result of 30 souls for the day—mostly men—mostly volunteers—and mostly sinners.

Major Snie Swift and Staff-Captain Eden Douglas, All The World Editors, who are under farweller orders, will be succeeded by Major Mildred Duff, now in charge of the Slum Division of the London Province.

Major Duff's first editorial production will appear with the April number of All The World.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker is about to proceed on a flying visit to India. Among the communications which have led to this are the decision of the General to at once arrange for some far-reaching advances of our Work in the East—further the desire of Commissioner and Colonel Booth-Heilberg to consult with the Foreign Secretary on some difficult matters immediately affecting their command, including the training of officers, the education of Army children, and an immediate opening of the Northwest Provinces. The coming visit of the General, and making the utmost of it in dealing with Government, will also engage the Commissioner's attention.

INDIA.

A pioneer party, under the command of Major Bahadur, has gone to the Northwest Provinces of India to view the land and make the necessary arrangements for the important new opening to which Brigadiers Eschwar Das and Jivi have been appointed.

U. S. A.

Commander Ballington Booth at New York: "We commission here to-night the two thousandth officer of the United States. (Great rejoicing.) By 1895, if we increase one-third, we shall reach the officership of the British Fife! Take off 8,000,000 from the public attendance at our halls, allowing that many came to our halls

twice and three, and call it 10,000,000 people who have attended our meetings during the last twelve months, add one-third to that, and we increase to 13,000,000 people by the dawn of January, 1895. Take our 'War Cry,' that white sheet of mercy, with its present circulation of 88,000. We should have a permanent increase that would reach over 100,000! We have had nearly 40,000 souls during the past year—indeed, this is an under-estimate; add a third to that total, and the new year would show nearly 52,000 souls while the Auxiliaries would reach nearly 5,103."

A Light Brigadier.



ROBERT LAUGHLAN, Westville.

When just a little fellow, I always wanted to be good, but always failed. While going to school I got into the habit of swearing; but whenever I would get alone and begin to think how I was treating Jesus, Who had died to save me, it would make me despicable myself, but I soon forgot all about it again. My Sunday-school teacher would often try to point me to Jesus, but I would not listen.

When I was about thirteen years old, I left school and went to get in a coal mine. My parents now decided to come to Nova Scotia. I belonged to Scotland,

THE LAND OF THE HEATHER.

I was idle for a while, for, instead of going to school, I chose to run about with some other boys and get into a lot of mischief. I liked Army meetings. God's Spirit strove with me. I stopped going to effie the Spirit of God, and went in to read novels. It was on a Sunday I got saved. I was miserable on account of sin, but hadn't the courage to go out. At night I went, determined to go to the penitent-form, and ask God to forgive my sins. It was the first anniversary of the Springfield Explosion, at which in an unexpected moment 100 men were

HURLED INTO ETERNITY.

The Lieutenant was referring to it, and I thought to myself—what if there was an explosion the next morning, where would I go? The Sergeant-Major had come down and talked to me about my soul. I yielded. Jesus was there to hear my cry, and before I rose I believed that Jesus had pardoned me.

I am thankful that my salvation is a practical one. It has made me work for God.

I was saved but a short time when I started to sell "Young Soldiers" many blessing to my soul while engaged in this work.

In regards to the G. B. M. Boxer I think that, with the help of God, there is a glorious future ahead of this noble scheme to help lift poor, fallen humanity into a place where they can be a blessing to themselves and others. I have done my best, and that is all God expects any person to do.

Saved February, 1892, in Westville Barracks, enrolled May, 1892, by Captain Binnet, Commissioner "War Cry" Sergeant November, 1892, appointed position as G. B. M. Agent, 1893.

Salvation Songs

TUNE—I need Thee every hour. (B.J., 123.)

1 Dear Saviour, at Thy feet
Just now I kneel;
Oh, help me while I seek
Thy power to feel.

CHORUS.

I'll live to praise my Saviour,
To win His loving favor;
To be His own for ever,
To seek the lost.

My longing heart now waits
To hear Thy voice;
Oh, speak Thy utmost will,
It is my choice.

Oh, Saviour lead me on,
Just as Thou wilt,
To seek the souls for whom
Thy blood was spilt.

More love for dying souls,
More love for Thee;
More power Thy love to show,
Now give to me.

I give myself to Thee,
Each hour, each breath;
Thine own I want to be
In life and death.

EDNA JONES MURCHISON.

We may be certain the apostles did a very great deal of singing, and we can determine pretty accurately what were the general characteristics of their songs.

TUNE—The General's dream; or, Perfect Cure. (B.J., 67; or, 63.)

2 There is a Saviour from all sin
'Tis Christ the Crucified;
He freely pardons and forgives
The ones who seek His side.
(This is the way, the only way,
God's remedy for sin.
So come away, no more delay,
And strive to enter in.)

CHORUS.

So come away and seek to-day
The Saviour from all sin,
And you will prove His wondrous power
To save and make you clean.

There are millions up in heaven
Who're walking now in white,
And millions more are proving here
Salvation, peace and light.
Praise the Lord that whosoever
Nay come and live, and prove
The joy of Heaven in their souls
The gift of God's great love.

So come away, poor sinner, now,
To Christ the Fountain-head.
He'll save you now if you will come,
So by him now be led.
Oh, think of His great goodness still
In sparing you so long,
(That you might turn and live for Him,
And join the ransomed throng.)

SERGEANT MAJOR CASBIE,
Halifax I.

"The disciples sang immediately before they accompanied their Master to Gethsemane, and Paul and Silas sang at midnight in prison with their feet made fast in the stocks. They sang new songs every night of darkness."

TUNE—Auld Lang Syne; Ellis Rhea. (B.J., 7.)

3 He brought me out of sin's dark night,
To love and purity;
Now I am walking in the light
Of Jesus' love to me.

CHORUS.

I do believe, I will believe.

'Twas on the Cross my Saviour died,
From sin to set me free;
And I will serve Him day and night,
For His great love to me.

I love my Saviour all the time,
He gave me liberty;
Sweeter by far than honeycomb
Is Jesus' love to me.

Now I love Him all the time,
For He gave me sweet liberty;
Leaving as all eternity,
Is my Saviour's love to me.

SERGEANT MRS IRVINE,
Kingston, Ont.

"The soldier's joy is founded upon a most positive conviction that God is with him, ready to use all His strength and wisdom in assisting him in the great conflict in which he is engaged."

TRADE DEPARTMENT.

Are You Out of Work?

You can have employment. Write to the Trade Secretary, 12 Albert Street, Toronto, for particulars.

GET OUT THOSE OLD BOOTS

And send them along either to be repaired for yourself, or as a donation to our City Social Reform. Repairs neatly executed at very reasonable prices. Help along our work by leaving your mending here at our Industrial Home.

Why don't You S.S.C.C.? Belong to the

Soldiers who are without Employment, or whose employment will allow them to a few hours weekly, should write at once to the TRADE SECRETARY, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

That most delicious
Herb
Everybody knows is the

Jubilee Tea.
Used once means always
Bought afterwards.

In Canada
Liberal use is made of it.
East and West
Everybody drinks

Tea, and the wise
Everybody's drink
Army Tea only.

TUNE—Me, me, He pardoned a rebel.

4 I once was a slave, but now I am free,
All glory to Jesus on high;
He opened my eyes and made me to see,
All glory to Jesus on high.

CHORUS.

Free, free, thank God. I am
Happy and free.
I know He will lead, even when
I can't see.
Thank God, I am happy and free.

I once had a load, a great load of sin.
But glory to Jesus on high,
I fell at the Cross, and the Lord took
me in,
All glory to Jesus on high.

He invites you to come, He will gladly
receive,
All glory to Jesus on high.
From thy burden of guilt He thy soul
will release,
All glory to Jesus on high.

There is danger and death if you longer
delay,
But glory to Jesus on high,
He wants to forgive you, He'll save you
to-day,
All glory to Jesus on high.

LIEUTENANT KEMP,
Moose Jaw.

"The soldier's thoughts and plans never terminate in his own personal enjoyment, but he is continually occupied with the interests of the great Kingdom."

TUNE—There's mercy still for thee. (B.J., 15.)

5 Poor, weary soul, by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord;
A pardon free He offers thee,
Oh, take Him at His word!
No longer stay away from Him,
Who has done so much for thee;
Come to Him, now confess your sin,
There's mercy still for thee.

CHORUS.

There's mercy still for thee.

Too long you've stayed away from Him,
And wandered on in sin;
'Tis not His will to you condemn,
I'm sure He'll take you in.

He'll pardon all the guilty past,
And set your spirits free;
Seek Him as your Deliverer,
There's mercy still for thee.

If I was U I would B one of them!

Who's them?

Answer—S.S.C.C.

FRIEND!—Do you want your harness mended? Send it along to our Industrial Home, Yorkville, Toronto. A practical man Superintendent. Reasonable prices.

From an Eminent Physician to the
Trade Manager, S.A. Printing
House, Toronto.

TORONTO, Jan. 31st, 1895.

MY DEAR MAJOR:

I am so pleased with my Bill-heads that I have decided to have no [copper] plates made, but simply to printed Bill-heads themselves. Please run me off 1000 Bill-heads and pad them, sending them up as soon as dry.

Yours faithfully,

N.B.—I want an electro made of the Bill-head also and sent up. That will save resetting, and keep the design.

S.S.C.C. Have you joined them?

Can the Leopard Change His Skin?

No! Therefore he requires no tailor to fit it. But officers and soldiers must renew their suits from time to time, and nobody can suit you better than the S.A. Tailoring Dept. Prices very reasonable. Samples and Self-measurement Forms supplied on application.

Your Saviour speaks, He pleads with thee,

Oh, hear His loving voice!
Remember how you've treated Him,
And spurred His offered grace.
Oh, come while He is calling thee,
To Him for refuge flee;
Give up your sin, He'll take you in,
There's mercy still for thee.

MRS. CAPTAIN LARSEN,
North Sydney.

"The soldier sings to the Lord with the glowing assurance that his praises and thanksgiving will please the Divine ear, and while expressing the gratitude of his own heart, will at the same time serve the purpose of the God he loves."

TUNE—Jesus is mine.

6 Through every trying hour,
Jesus is mine.
I know no other power,
Jesus is mine;
When in the darkest night,
Come every other light,
The promise shines so bright,
Jesus is mine.

CHORUS.

Jesus is mine.

In hours of sorest need,
Jesus is mine.
He is a friend indeed,
Jesus is mine.
When the world to me is cold,
To me bitter things are told,
I to the promise held,
Jesus is mine.

Every hour of sunny day,
Jesus is mine.
Near He does ever stay,
Jesus is mine.
When o'er the valley cold,
And safe within the fold,
I'll sing through streets of gold,
Jesus is mine.

CAPTAIN W. RITCHIE, Toronto.

(We have no band music for this; it is an old Methodist tune.)

"Scarcely a week passes without the S.A. hearing of the case of a poor creature just on the verge of suicide, who has been checked on the way to self-destruction by the sound of an Army song."

TUNE—Calling for the wanderer home. (B.J., 20.)

7 Sinner, Jesus calls for thee,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Now to Him for refuge flee,
Calling for the wanderer home.

CHORUS.

Boundless love beyond degree,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Jesus died to set you free,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Hear His voice, it calls for thee,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Come to Him and happy be,
Calling for the wanderer home.

In this world He'll be your Friend,
Calling for the wanderer home;
He can keep you to the end,
Calling for the wanderer home.

CADET McLAREN, Ottawa.

TUNES—What's the news? (B.J., No. 12, 3); There is a better world; (B.J., No. 3); Christ for me: (B.B., No. 48); We're travelling home: (B.B., No. 7); Come to Me: (B.J., 102, 2).

8 Behold the Saviour on the cross,
Oh, what love!
His precious blood and life it costs,
Oh, what love!
From Heaven He came, to save mankind,
To free the captive, heal the blind,
And all who come shall in Him find
Boundless love!

Backslider, now repent, come home!

No longer now in sin's path roam,
God is love!

The angels weep, the saints now pray,
For you to leave sin's thorny way,
To Christ now come, this is the day,
God is love!

Poor drunkard, listen, Jesus died,
Died for thee!
For none who come can be denied,
Jesus died!

Your time is quickly passing by,
Your soul to death is drawing nigh,
In judgment's hour, where will you fly?
Jesus died!

CAPTAIN GEO. KENDALL.